



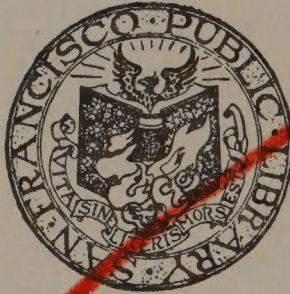


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THE LOG
OF THE
EL DORADO

By
Captain N. P. Benson

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THE JAMES H. BARRY COMPANY

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REFERENCE

September 2, 1914.

In consideration of \$1.00, to us in hand paid, we hereby assign to Captain N. P. Benson the copyright to a story entitled "The Log of the El Dorado," written by Captain N. P. Benson, which appeared in the August 15, 1914, issue of The Saturday Evening Post. It is understood, however, that this assignment only conveys the right to Captain N. P. Benson to publish this story in book form and reserves to the undersigned all other rights of publication.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

(Seal.) Geo. E. Starr, Assistant Treasurer.

September 2nd, 1914.

State of Pennsylvania,
County of Philadelphia—ss.

On this second day of September, 1914, before me personally appeared George E. Starr, to me known, and known to me to be the Assistant Treasurer of Curtis Publishing Company, described in and who executed the foregoing instrument as such Assistant Treasurer, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same as such Assistant Treasurer.

(Seal.)

WILLIAM M. ROCKEY,
Notary Public.

My Commission expires June 10th, 1917.

INTRODUCTION.

In the hope that this little tale, written by one who has followed the sea for more than thirty years, will justify its appearance even between paper covers and enable you to steal an hour from the carking cares of life while, from the disintegrating hulk of my late command, the lumber schooner *El Dorado*, you voyage with my crew and myself across nine hundred miles of storm-tossed ocean in a twenty-two foot boat, through misery and suffering such as few men will ever be called upon to endure and live, I present it as a plain, salt-water yarn. If any apology is due the public from one who thus dares to wield a pen in a hand calloused by long and intimate association with rope-end and marlinespike, I made it freely and crave your indulgence for this affliction on the broad general grounds that I am an old salt whom nobody humors—and hence I must humor myself!

Since that far-distant day when the first real navigator left the blue coastline astern and dared the trackless trails of "old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," in the breast of every landsman there has abided, at some period of his life, a lively interest in the adventures of the men who go down to the sea in ships. Strange, indeed, is that individual who has not known the blue-water fever, the yearning to sail to dis-

tant lands, to sniff the aroma of spice-laden islands wafted to him on vagrant tropic breezes, to revel in the picturesque charm and undying romance of the wide, blue vistas of the sea and the lands that lie beyond. YOU, brother, have doubtless FELT that call of Father Neptune, but have never heard it; therefore, to you my landsman friend, tethered to the beach by the bonds of home and family, fame and finance, this simple, unvarnished tale of my Great ADVENTURE is dedicated.

I make no claim to literary prowess. I merely spin a yarn of a battle with the Sea. The story here produced was first published in The Saturday Evening Post, under date of August 15th, 1914. Owing to the curtailment of space in that magazine, however, the story was greatly condensed. In the pleasant anticipation that a longer and more detailed story will have a wider and more potent appeal to my readers, particularly since it is a chronicle of actual events, I offer my yarn for what I think it is worth—a pleasant hour to you and 25 cents to me!

THE AUTHOR.

San Francisco, January 1, 1915.

The Log of the El Dorado.

I am a lucky man. I have lost my ship and her cargo, but I have saved all hands and my ticket. My nerves are as steady as they were but my hair is white—and when the tug snaked the schooner El Dorado, my late command, out across Columbia river bar and cast off, I was the proprietor of just sufficient iron-gray hair around the temples to indicate the fact that I was beating up into the rolling forties. I have been a sailor since early boyhood and this white thatch is a relic of my Great Adventure; at least my friends ashore call it that, although from my point of view I merely took the hazard of the sea and won because I was lucky and a fairly good seaman. And this sudden rush of white to my head is not the result of fright. I have made the discovery that mental suffering does not accompany physical distress.

This isn't a fiction story. It's just a little travelogue, rewritten from my log as master of the schooner El Dorado, and later of the El Dorado's lifeboat. A friend of mine, a writing man, said it had charm and the romance and

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adventure of the sea, which makes me smile, but he insisted, so here is the yarn.

The El Dorado was a big four-masted lumber schooner running mostly in the off-shore trade. On the afternoon of March 31st, 1913, we finished loading at Astoria, Oregon, with a cargo of rough fir lumber for discharge at Antofagasta, Chile, and with my mates and the longshoremen I got the deckload lashed. After taking on water and supplies we lay at the dock until the following morning, when a crimp herded my crew down to the mill wharf. They had all been signed for the voyage before the Deputy Shipping Commissioner and had their baggage with them.

I said baggage. That is what they had. If they had been sailors they would have had bags, and signing on for the dark blue they should have come aboard howling drunk—instead of which they came sober. I didn't like the looks of things and neither did my mate, Mr. Wilson.

"They're a bad lot," he said. "Not a sailor in the outfit."

Well, there aren't many more sailors left, anyhow. They're all North Pacific laborers now, and prefer to run coastwise in the steam schooner-

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ers, where the pay is fifty dollars a month, with little to do between ports, two voyages and sometimes three a month, with pay-day at the end of every voyage and a few nights a month in port. We skippers in the big wind-jammers running off-shore must be content with what we can get these days, and even the scrapings of the ports come high. The crimp herded eight green hands over the deckload to the fo'castle and charged me the price of eight A. B.'s. What could I do? I took them.

I was fortunate otherwise, for I had two bully mates and the El Dorado was a schooner. As everybody knows, all the plain sail on a schooner can be hoisted and furled from deck. Had the El Dorado been a square-rigger, thus necessitating the sending of men aloft, I should have the sin of murder on my soul this very minute.

"We'll teach 'em to steer and manage to make out somehow," said Mr. Wilson hopefully, so he counted off the watches, the second mate took the wheel, while Mr. Wilson went forward to receive the line from the tug and fasten it on the bitts, and half an hour later we went out with the ebb. The tug towed us half way down to the lightship and cast off, and Mr. Wilson

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came aft to report half the crew seasick after crossing the bar, from which you will see that there was a jinks on us from the very start of the voyage.

I have never been a superstitious sailor, but I couldn't help reflecting that we had sailed on Friday!

We were scarcely clear of the lightship before we encountered bad weather. However, ■ sufficient number of our alleged crew managed to keep their sea-legs, and between the mates and myself we ramped along with nothing worth mentioning in the log. We taught our men to steer and by the time we were well down into the South Pacific and had passed through the south-east trades they had acquired some slight knowledge of their duties.

Now, in order that the non-sailors who may read this story will understand why the El Dorado happened to be twenty-seven hundred miles off the coast of Chile on the morning of June 11th, I will explain. In sailing from Astoria, Oregon, to Antofagasta, Chile, one describes ■ huge semicircle off shore until he has run out of the south-east trades, when he comes about and with westerly winds at his tail makes

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his run in a course almost due north-east, to his port of discharge.

On the morning of June 11th the sky became overcast. It did not cloud up; just became one solid wall of darkness. A strong breeze commenced blowing out of the south-east and the barometer fell rapidly; the sea was running unusually high. The wind increased steadily in violence until by noon I was forced to take in and make fast the tops'ls and spanker.

Toward evening the wind increased in squalls varying from south-east to east-south-east. It continued to increase slowly during the night and by daylight of the 12th a terrific sea was running. The big schooner was laboring heavily and I sent the first mate below to sound the well. He reported the El Dorado making a little water and I put a couple of men at the pumps.

By noon of the twelfth the wind had hauled around into the north-east and was blowing a gale. The sea increased in violence and the schooner commenced to leak more and more. She was straining and opening her seams, and the watch on deck stayed at the pumps continuously. During the afternoon the gale in-

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creased, so I ordered all hands on deck to shorten down.

We fell to on the mainsail, which blew away like a feather as we were about to take it in, so we were spared the trouble. We finally hove to with double-reefed foresail, mizzen and spanker.

At 8 P. M. on the 12th the seas were miniature mountains, and the water was gaining steadily in the hold, although both steam and hand pumps were going steadily. By 9 o'clock there was five feet of water in the hold, and it was so dark one could not see a man standing alongside of him. Every little while an unusually big sea would grip the vessel, shake her as a terrier shakes a rat and heave her over on her beam ends. We were on the port tack now, and presently, under this treatment the starboard side of the deckload commenced to shift. It was only a question of time until it tore loose from the lashings and went by the board. I examined it and found it had shifted about eight inches to starboard, while the starboard side of the poop deck was separating from the poop rail, thus letting in streams of water which were filling the vessel rapidly. When I



LIFEBOAT OF THE EL DORADO

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went to my cabin I found nearly everything ruined by water.

I thought it over and decided to wear around, as the vessel had a very heavy starboard list. This relieved her, but the relief was merely temporary, for there was no escaping those big seas. They were soon up to their old sport of throwing the El Dorado on her beam ends again, until presently the deckload shifted over to port, doing the same damage on that side that had already been accomplished to starboard. It wasn't very pleasant, that knowledge that we were being systematically torn to pieces.

By midnight it was no longer blowing a gale. It was a hurricane, lashing the ocean into a smother of white foam that gleamed through the inky darkness. Mr. Wilson, the first mate, was with me on the poop deck, when the second mate came up out of the well with the watch. They had been driven out. The water was up to their shoulders, so we knew then that we were doomed. Of course the steam pump was still at work, but while it retarded it could not prevent the schooner from becoming waterlogged.

Seeing that there was nothing to be gained

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by lying hove to, and that the schooner was certain to be mauled to pieces, I decided to run before it. All hands fell to on the spanker and mizzen, and took them in; then with a wisp of the foresail set we scudded before it. This seemed to relieve the vessel considerably, although as she was very low in the water the seas broke over her continuously. However, as I had taken the precaution to string life lines not a man of the crew was washed overboard.

We could only wait patiently for daylight—not, however, that we saw any hope for either vessel or crew unless the hurricane abated, but rather, I think, because it seemed easier to die in daylight. I didn't think much about death at the time, because I had so many other things to think of, but I was pretty well depressed because it was so dark and I couldn't see to make a fight.

About four in the morning of the 13th our Jap cook managed to serve coffee and sandwiches. How he managed this is a mystery wrapped in his Oriental soul, for I didn't think there was anything dry or warm on that ship. A skipper seldom gets demonstrative with his Japanese cook, but I shall think lovingly of this

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fellow for many a year to come. A Chinaman would have gone to pieces and prayed to his heathen gods, leaving us to starve.

That meager breakfast was the last meal aboard the El Dorado. We were all very fagged and sleepy when daylight finally came, and with its coming hope departed. But we were pretty tired. I do not recall that we cared very much.

That day was Friday, the 13th day of June, 1913. Of course I'm not superstitious, but I couldn't help thinking of it as I ordered the crew to commence to jettison the deckload. I had to lighten her. We went at it and worked like fiends for a couple of hours, and then the water came into the galley and the donkey-room and put out the fire under the donkey-engine and stopped the steam pumps. We were absolutely helpless. I was disgusted. The hold commenced to fill rapidly.

I have been a sailor for thirty years, but never before had I seen such a terrific sea. It was just one boiling smother of foam as far as we could see, and to attempt to launch a boat, much less expect it to survive an instant in that smother, would have been sheer idiocy. I remember when I was a cabin boy in the ship

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W. H. Lincoln we encountered a typhoon in Yokohama harbor. The old salts who went through that typhoon still speak of it, but it was just a capful of wind compared to that South Pacific hurricane that was smashing the poor old El Dorado to pieces.

About eleven o'clock, to our great relief, the wind commenced to moderate and the sun came out. By noon the wind and sea had both abated considerably, and after a consultation with my mates I decided to abandon the ship.

I ordered the life boat made ready and slung in the spanker throat halyards. This was quickly done, for we had little time and the cabin was liable to be flooded at any moment. While the mates and crew were busy getting their things into the boat I ran below, grabbed the ship's medicine chest, emptied its contents out on the cabin floor and put into it my sextant, navigation books and charts and the ship's papers.

I rushed on deck, put this chest in the life-boat and ran below again to the cabin, where I seized some clothing, blankets and oilskins. These I placed in the boat also. We now had in the boat all we required except provisions,

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and were trying desperately to get them out of the cabin and galley before the bulkheads should collapse and flood them. When the vessel rose to ■ sea and the great body of water in her rushed aft the pressure was terrific, and while we were grubbing around the worst happened. The vessel rose on a particularly high sea, the water rushed aft and the bulkheads went with a smash.

I got out of that deathtrap with a case of corned beef and a box of soda crackers. I had intended to take the ship's chronometer also, but in the rush to get out before I should be drowned, I had to abandon it. If that bulkhead had only held about fifteen seconds longer we would have been all right. As I climbed up the companion with my priceless box of soda crackers under one arm and the case of corned beef under the other, I remember thinking to myself: "Now, how the devil am I going to figure out my position in longitude without a chronometer?"

We were in an awful predicament. I'm ■ Scandinavian, and our kind of people have the reputation of being slow thinkers, but if anybody thinks I didn't realize instantly that not

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only had we been washed into a bad hole but that we had dragged the hole in after us, then he's libeling the only source of supply for real sailors.

Mr. Wilson helped me out of the companion-way. He is an American. He observed the loss of the chronometer and said something. He said it to himself, you bet, but it was derogatory to me, I know. I could see it in his eyes. Perhaps I felt guilty, for I should have brought out the chronometer in the medicine chest, but confound it, a man can't think of everything when his ship's breaking up under him, can he?

"We're twenty-seven hundred miles off the Chilean coast," said Mr. Wilson acidly.

If he wasn't a smashing good mate I'd have thrown the box of corned beef at him. I was going to exercise my privilege as skipper to tell him something for the good of his immortal soul, when I happened to glance at that green crew of mine.

Poor devils. Life on the ocean wave was a new wrinkle with them, and they were not happy, although I will say this for them. They kept their heads and obeyed orders implicitly, and were as game a lot of green hands as ever

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spliced the main brace. They were standing by now, ready to launch the lifeboat. Most of them had no coats, some of them had lost their sou'westers, others had no shoes.

There was practically no food in the boat, but plenty of water, and to enter the ship's cabin again was impossible. But still I had one last chance for provisions. I had, in the after companion leading down to the cabin, a little locker where I kept certain kinds of canned goods, and it occurred to me that by descending into the cabin as far as possible and standing on the companion I might reach this locker and open it.

This I was enabled to do. In the locker we found thirty-eight cans of soup, thirty-two cans of condensed milk, four cans of jam and three cans of lunch tongue. This, with one case of corned beef (twelve 1-lb. tins) and the box of soda crackers constituted the provisions for eleven hungry men on a voyage of thousands of miles in a twenty-two foot lifeboat in the teeth of a hurricane.

By the time we had got this latest treasure into the boat the seas had commenced to do terrible damage on deck. The schooner's small

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boat had been washed away earlier in the day and the sea for a mile around us was strewn with lumber. Doors and skylights and part of the poop rail had been washed away and the vessel was breaking up very rapidly.

The great and most important task before us now was to get the lifeboat overside safely. Upon this depended everything. I know hundreds of sailors who, as disinterested onlookers, would have wagered the earnings of a voyage that we could not succeed. I did not believe we could succeed myself, but when your ship is going to pieces under you, you'll try anything once. The sea was still running very high, but somehow I felt that if I managed right I'd have at least a fighting chance.

The boat was slung in the spanker throat halyards over on the port side, ready for lowering away. I ordered Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johansen, the second mate, into the boat and had the crew stand by to lower away the instant I should give the word. I then climbed up on the wheel box and watched the sea for a brief smooth spell.

Presently I saw a chance. It would probably be twenty seconds before another sea would



THE SHIPWRECKED CREW OF THE EL DORADO

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sweep the vessel, and I yelled to the crew to lower away. They obeyed instantly and let go the tackle; Wilson and Johansen shoved the boat away from the vessel and got in two good powerful strokes of their oars before the sea reached them. At the same time two men gave a vigorous pull on the boat's painter from aft, and she shot toward the ship's stern. As she passed she was almost upset by the big overhanging stern of the schooner settling in the water, and pressing her down, but Wilson shoved her clear with his oar and the only damage done was the loss of his other oar. They floated there, off the stern, holding her head up to the sea, and the rest of us proceeded to get aboard.

Doing this was far simpler than it appears to a landsman. Her huge spanker boom overhung the El Dorado's stern fully eighteen feet, so I crawled out to the end of the spanker boom and made the end of a long rope fast there. Then I crawled back and one by one the members of the crew crawled out and down the rope into the lifeboat waiting to receive them. It was a dangerous job, owing to the extreme difficulty in holding the boat in position to

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receive the passenger. When one let go the rope and dropped it was even money whether he would drop into the boat or the sea. Several did drop into the water, but luckily were grasped immediately and hauled into the boat.

I believe I made the prettiest boarding of all, although far be it from me to brag. I watched my opportunity, since I was the last man to leave the ship, and as the lifeboat, rolling and pitching frightfully, hung directly under me for an instant, I shot down the line and landed fairly in the stern-sheets—my proper position, by the way. The mate shouted to the crew to give way, and thus we abandoned the El Dorado. As we pulled clear of the vessel we could see pieces of black timber torn from her vitals, floating among the lumber from her deckload.

It was exactly four P. M. of Friday, June 13th, 1913, when we pulled away from the El Dorado. It required some care to avoid having our frail lifeboat staved in by the floating timbers, but we managed to clear this menace successfully. Our position at the time was approximately latitude 31—2 south, longitude 121—37 west. The little boat—she was only twenty-two

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feet long, with a beam of five and a half feet and three feet deep—was setting very low in the water, for she had eleven men aboard her. She had between ten and twelve inches free-board, which is hardly enough in a hurricane.

I have said that with the exception of the two mates and myself the members of the crew were all green hands. Until the hurricane had borne down upon us, the lack of experience in our crew had worked no particular hardship. As the Scriptures have it: "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." No skipper leaving Columbia river ports in April for a voyage to the West Coast need expect a crew worth while, for sailors at that time of the year are very scarce. They go north to the Alaska fisheries for the season. However, a man is a man to those that deal in sailors. Fit or unfit, the blood money is just the same, and if a skipper doesn't like the men the crimp sends him, he has the privilege of sending them back—and lying idle in the stream until his owners fire him. I took what I could get and made the best of it—and now, in that twenty-two foot lifeboat, tossing from crest to

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crest of those huge seas, I cursed that crimp to the deepest hells—and made the best of it.

Of the seven men before the mast but one could be trusted to steer the El Dorado when we left port, and if you think a crew like this isn't a great handicap handling a lifeboat in a hurricane, try it some time and find out for yourself. They were good lads and did their best, but that wasn't much from the viewpoint of a real sailor. The mates and I were at home, for the sea was our mistress; she had called to us for a lifetime, and for some reason or other your seasoned sailor never quits while he has his head above water.

But my green hands were dejected. They were facing death and facing it bravely, but there wasn't a face that didn't shine sickly green, and not a grin in the lot. The mates and I tried to cheer them up. I remember feeling a little contemptuous of their lack of response when I announced that we would land at Easter Island, approximately nine hundred miles away; that we would make it in eight or nine days at the latest. But somehow they couldn't get our point of view, and I couldn't get theirs until I happened to remember about that lost chro-

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nometer. Then I got their viewpoint in a hurry. Providentially I was an old sailor or I should, without doubt, have gotten sick at the stomach.

The last we saw of the El Dorado her decks were awash to the rail, with mighty little of the rail left, and she was rolling and wallowing frightfully. Her spars were still standing.

Before dark I held a consultation with the mates to ascertain our position. We agreed that we were about twenty-seven hundred miles off the coast of Chile, with Pitcairn's Island about five hundred and sixty miles distant in a north-west direction. However, as westerly winds were now prevailing and it was mid-winter in the South Pacific and stormy in consequence, we had to abandon any attempt to reach Pitcairn's Island as impracticable.

By consulting our charts we found that Easter Island was our only hope. It lay about seven hundred miles to the north-east by east as the crow flies. But as we had no chronometer, my sextant being our sole navigating instrument, I saw that I must take no risks, but must run out the latitude first, in consequence of which the run to Easter Island would be, approximately, nine hundred miles. I would have

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bet the devil my immortal soul we wouldn't last nine!

That was a hard night. For some reason, not yet clear to me, we survived it. There was still a very heavy sea running, and it was as black as the interior of a coal mine, and this was our second night without sleep. We were cold and hungry and sleepy, and the salt spray swept over us repeatedly. With the force of the wind behind it that spray stung like the lash of a whip.

But we dared not go to sleep. We had to stay awake—ah, what a job it was—and handle the boat. That was up to the two mates and myself, for the crew was helpless. Most of it was seasick. During the night it rained very hard. We had to do a lot of bailing.

The fourteenth of June finally arrived. I remember it was my birthday, and for some fool reason I felt within me the stirring of a bulldog desire to have at least one more birthday! I told Mr. Wilson about it, and he said there was really no reason why I shouldn't feel that way about it. We talked to Mr. Johansen and fixed it up among ourselves that whenever one should see the other falling asleep he should forthwith

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kick him until he woke up. This is a privilege I do not usually allow my mates but under the circumstances I made no protest. Mr. Wilson said God helped those that helped themselves, and this is one of the most practical sayings that I know of, so since I saw that I had a pair of mates of whom any skipper might be proud, we decided to help ourselves and get a rag on her.

We stepped the mast and bent our spreadsail and jib. Those sails had belonged to our smaller boat, but they were excellent for present purposes, for the moment the wind filled them we were off at a great rate, skipping along on a course north by east, with the wind from the south-east and squally, with a gradual increase.

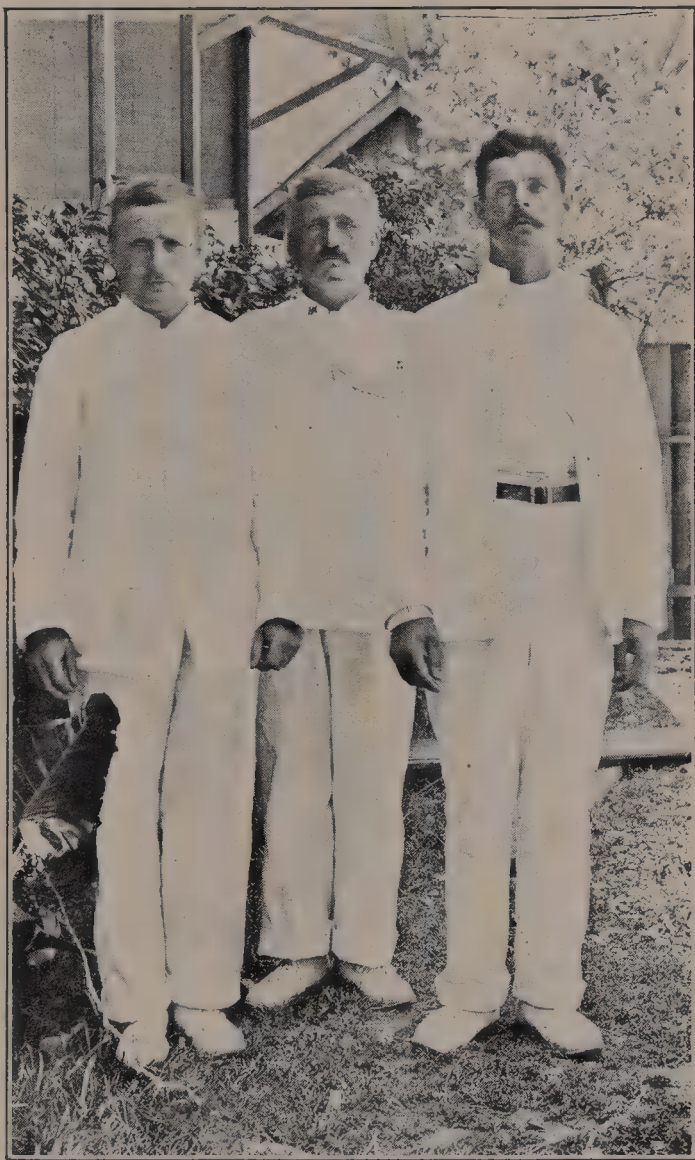
I had had many years of experience sailing small boats, and I found that experience invaluable now. Wilson and Johansen were also fairly good boatmen, and I saw that we should manage, although there were many things to be considered, such as gales and lack of sleep. By the way the little boat was flying along I could see that with a fair wind we would make over a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. She was of whaleboat pattern, a good seaboat and fast.

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About noon on the 14th I judged it was about time to have something to eat. We had to be extremely economical. My birthday dinner consisted of one-eleventh interest in a one-pound can of corned beef, and two cans of soup mixed with water—about enough to make one cupful for each man. This with two soda crackers each, was pretty light rations, but you have no idea what life it put into us.

All afternoon we scudded along. The wind was strong from the south-west with occasional squalls, but we weathered them nicely. The crew lay huddled in the bottom of the boat under the blankets. I suppose they slept despite the constant salt spray that drenched them. However, with the frequency of squalls it became necessary to have part of the crew constantly at their posts, so I placed one man to handle the sail and two men to stand by with buckets to bail if necessary. The mates and I took turns at the tiller.

Got through the night safely, steering by instinct, for we had no matches and there was no moonlight to see the compass. On the 15th I got my first observation since we took to the lifeboat, and discovered we were in latitude



The Three Men Who Sailed the El Dorado's Lifeboat
from Easter Island to Tahiti—2500 Miles.

Left to Right—L. Simoneur, Capt. Benson and
C. Drinkwater.

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29-49 south. Wind strong from south-west with frequent, heavy squalls, thunder and lightning. At 3 P. M. wind increased to a gale and we ran dead before it, with a very small part of the mainsail set.

At 10 o'clock that night the wind hauled around to the south, blowing a strong gale, and the sea ran very high, breaking over the boat badly. We were in constant danger of being swamped. Time and again the boat was half filled with water. We had a frightful time keeping the boat's end to the seas with our oars, and one oar was broken.

At daylight we were so exhausted from lack of sleep and the desperate labor of handling the boat with oars that it did not seem possible to survive much longer. Something had to be done at once.

Early on the morning of the 16th the boat nearly swamped several times. We couldn't hold her end up to the seas, and she'd go flying down into the deep green valleys between seas, broadside on, threatening to roll over and over and over and upset us into the sea. I was crazy for a sea anchor, but I didn't have any. However, since necessity is the mother of in-

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vention, I made one. We had six heavy woolen blankets, and these we placed one on top of the other, rolled them lengthwise and tied them firmly in the middle with a three-inch line over fifteen fathoms long. This bundle of blankets we passed over the stern, let all the line run out and fastened the end at the stern.

That sea anchor was a marvelous success. It acted instantly. That drag astern kept the boat stern on to the sea, hauling it through the seas and preventing the boat from tossing lightly on their crests. It reduced the chances of swamping to a minimum, provided we could keep her bailed out, and the spray, coming thick and fast, kept us bailing continually. Every little while, of course, we took fifteen or twenty gallons over the gunwales.

Looking back on it now, I am convinced that we didn't get that sea anchor out a minute too soon. The gale increased and the seas were vast rolling hills, breaking into foam all around us. The clouds flew by overhead at terrific speed. But with a hundred feet of line out on the drag we had a good strain on the line at all times. Moreover we had steerage way of about three miles an hour before the storm and

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with one man steering we did nicely. However, I kept two men at the oars, taking in the slack whenever necessary and keeping a steady strain on the line astern, and two men bailing. I knew that if our strength would outlast the storm we were comparatively safe.

Along in the afternoon of the 16th, however, we commenced seeing things. Remember we hadn't had any sleep (the mates and myself) since the night of the 11th, and we had worked continuously ever since. We couldn't keep our eyes open, but we couldn't sleep; that is, we didn't dare to. We were in a kind of stupor. Riding on the crests of those tremendous seas and looking down into those long green valleys; then rushing down the slopes of the seas like mad, got terribly monotonous. I think the sea hypnotized us. Along about noon Mr. Wilson declared we were in shallow water and if we could just manage to get around the point into the bight we could make a landing nicely. This stirred up Mr. Johansen, who declared he could see green fields and trees.

Strange how each man, fighting for his life, sees the things of his desire. The prospector dying of thirst on the desert, sees lakes and

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clear pools and waterfalls. But we had plenty of water. What we wanted was land, and we all saw it. I saw every port from Puget Sound to Valparaiso. There were long wharves with warehouses on them, and I could see the cluster of masts at these imaginary docks and in the roadstead. It made me homesick.

About two o'clock on the 16th the gale moderated and the seas, while still high, ceased breaking. We carefully divided our daily meal, and anybody that wanted a second helping took his belt up a notch. Also, about this time a half-grown shark decided that our sea anchor was good to eat and commenced biting at it and jerking us around very rudely. At least all hands said they saw a shark, but personally, I am making no definite assertions. We had been seeing so many things, a change of scenery would not have surprised any of us. However, we decided to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt and hauled in the sea anchor.

The men wrung out the blankets as best they could, cowered in the bottom of the boat, covered themselves with the wet blankets and tried to sleep. Doubtless they succeeded. The sails were set again and away we went, steering

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north-east, as I was not sure of my position. I was not able to make an observation on the 16th.

We got through the night somehow. We dozed a little in spite of every effort of our will power, although it seems to me that no sooner would I close my eyes than Mr. Wilson would kick me viciously, and drop off to sleep himself, whereupon I'd kick him, and he, awakening, would kick Mr. Johansen, who kicked both of us. It was a long, horrible night of moving pictures and slap-stick tragedy, but finally the sun came up and the 17th was clear and warm.

I let Mr. Wilson sleep two hours, while Johansen and I sat glowering and kicking at each other. We dared not trust the crew. As I said before they were good boys, but they didn't know how to sail a small boat. When Wilson was awakened he said he could stick it out till noon, so Johansen and I declared an armistice and slumbered where we sat. At noon Mr. Wilson awakened me, and I took an observation. We were in latitude $28^{\circ} 01'$ south.

The wind was now westerly, with frequent strong squalls, but our brief nap had refreshed

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us, so we slept in relays all day and night. The boat made bully progress, and we had our one scant meal. During the night of the 17th the sky was sufficiently clear to enable the moonlight to filter through, and we were enabled to steer by the compass after a fashion. We had no matches or lights of any kind.

On Wednesday the 18th it appeared as if we might have clear weather and so be enabled to hold our course. You have no idea how lonely a sailorman gets for a sight of his compass when he's steering a guesswork course. I got an observation at noon on the 18th and found myself in latitude $26^{\circ} 53'$ south. I was trying to hang as closely as I could to the 27th parallel of latitude, because the 27th parallel passes close to Easter Island, so you can see how far we had steered out of our course. The breezes held strong from the west, with occasional heavy rain squalls all of the 18th, and sure enough we had a full moon that night, so we held on our course. In reality it was one continuous procession of gales, but a little old nothing like a gale didn't bother us now. We had ridden out a hurricane!

About this time it began to dawn on me that

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all the torture we had already endured was merely preliminary to the main event. We had been soaked in salt water since the 11th, and now our hands, and especially our feet, commenced to swell up very badly from the effects of this salt water pickle. Sitting down became the most excruciating agony. You see we each had to sit immovably in our allotted space on the hard thwarts, for we had eleven men in a twenty-two foot boat. With every pitch and roll our torsos swayed on our hips forward and back and from left to right, the while our hips remained stationary. That gave an effect of muscle grinding, grinding, grinding over bone until we moaned in our agony and helplessness. We tried kneeling until our knees began to grind, and then the real danger commenced. The poor devils in the crew would take a chance and stand up, and I had to keep shouting at them continually to sit down and keep the boat in trim. I couldn't get mad enough to crack one of them with an oar as a lesson to the others, because I wanted so to stand up myself. Well—I guess I sat down and cursed. I'm no cry-baby and I just had to have an outlet.

On Thursday, the 19th, I failed to get an

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observation. The wind hauled around into the south-west and then south, and I knew we were in for another southerly gale. We were making about eight miles an hour with a sail about as big as a large napkin. About five o'clock I dared not run before it any longer, so I got out our sea anchor and hove to.

That was the night! We had a real gale, with mountainous seas, and we were at the oars all night, taking up the slack on the line, bailing and blinking salt spray out of our bloodshot, salt-rimmed, rheumy eyes. Our skins were cracked open, particularly the tender skin inside our thighs, where we chafed and chafed against our dungarees and ground and ground until we were raw and bleeding, and then the salt water—whew! It was the most memorable night of my life as a sailor. But we got through, pretty much the worse for wear, but alive and a good fight left in us yet. We would have liked mighty well to have used some of our sweet water to wash our galled and bleeding bodies, but luxuries were not for us.

Early on Friday the 20th the gale moderated considerably, so we set part of the sail and were off again, with the spray whirling over us

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continually. It whipped into our faces and kept us sputtering, gasping and blinking hour after hour, but we had to make progress at any cost, so we scudded along and took out our grouch in cuss words, although all the spray in our eyes couldn't stop us from seeing things occasionally—particularly when the hunger pains got us.

At noon on the 20th I had a chance to make an observation, as it was vitally necessary to find our position in latitude. It was a terribly heart-breaking job, owing to the pitching and rolling of the boat, but finally I shot the sun and discovered that we were in latitude $27^{\circ} 08'$ south. That was the best position we had been in thus far, as Easter Island is in latitude $27^{\circ} 10'$ south at Mission house or Cook bay.

Now my real worries commenced. It had become very necessary to be extremely careful steering the little boat, as we had succeeded in running out our latitude and our course was now due east. Having come nine hundred miles through worse than death we were appalled with the horrible fear that we might run by Easter Island in the dark and if another gale came up we could never get back. We

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were very weak and emaciated and we knew if we missed the island it was us for Davy Jones' locker. It isn't hard to die, I imagine, but it's terrible to lose the kind of fight we had waged.

It had been a south wind all night, but in the afternoon it hauled around into the south-east, with more squalls, so we jammed on every stitch of canvas and cracked right along. We kept a keen lookout, for land might appear at any moment, and held right on our course.

We rode out the night safely, and on Saturday, June 21st, my observation at noon showed us in $27^{\circ} 03'$ south. This indicated a drift to the north of five miles in twenty-four hours, and accordingly I set the course slightly more to the south, hoping to overcome this. We were in a mighty bad way, and very weak from lack of food. We had had so little starting I was forced to dole out just sufficient food to sustain life in our wretched bodies, because if we missed the island and couldn't beat back I was going to run for the mainland, and that was still twenty-one hundred miles away. I was going to make that grub last, you bet.

Sunday morning, June 22nd, dawned with promise of a fine day. We had a nice light

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breeze from the west. Our soup had long since gone the way of all good soup and we were living on salt-water-soaked soda crackers mixed with water and condensed milk into a sort of mess, of which I gave a cupful to each man at noon daily.

At about ten o'clock Sunday morning, with most of the crew asleep, grateful for the first real warmth from the sun since we had abandoned the El Dorado, Mr. Johansen relieved me at the tiller. I had been steering all morning and wanted a little sleep very badly. However, the wind was very light and I crawled forward to try to rig a canvas cover as a sail. One of the men was standing in the bow, acting as lookout, and I must say he certainly was a busy little lookout. He never shirked his job for more than a minute at a time, and then only to get the salt water out of his eyes and rub them well so he could look again.

Presently this lad turned around and announced that he believed he saw something. I wasn't surprised. I'd just seen the tug Ranger snaking in a five-legged schooner over Grays Harbor bar myself, but I looked again. I couldn't see anything, but the lookout insisted

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he saw something that looked like land. So I awakened the crew and one after the other declared he saw land, and finally I saw it myself. It was two points on the port bow and just dipping into the horizon. I realized, of course, that it was Easter Island, and about thirty miles distant, as the highest point on the island is 1767 feet.

We felt pretty good, so I celebrated by issuing a double allowance of grub then and there. We bent the canvas cover on the little boat and she gathered speed steadily as the wind increased, and all the time that blessed land kept looming higher and higher. I think that was the pleasantest Sunday morning of my life, and if we had been at all a religious lot the day would certainly have suggested prayer. I am not even aware that we took the trouble to thank the Almighty for His care of us, but let no man doubt that we did not feel grateful, for we did.

At three in the afternoon the island seemed not so very far away, so we got out the oars to help the boat along, for I wanted to land before dark. At five o'clock, with the point of the island toward which we were heading six or

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seven miles away, it commenced to get dark and the wind increased, still from the west. I saw we were in for another gale and that it would not be possible to land that night, so I just ran for shelter.

It was about eight o'clock that night when we hove to on the south side of the island under the lee of precipitous cliffs seemingly about a thousand feet high. We lay on the oars all night long, holding the boat just outside the line of breakers, while the gale howled over the cliffs against which the huge breakers hurled themselves in mighty thunderous salvos. When the moon came up we could see the big black clouds racing overhead, but we were safe under the lee of the island and could laugh at the gale. It was a rip-snorter, too.

It seemed bound to get us. It blew from the west all night, but with sun-up the wind hauled into the south and chased us out. We ran before it. From Southwest Cape where we spent the night to East Cape is fifteen miles and we had a good look at the island as we skipped along to our new shelter. It was fifteen miles of huge cliffs, with the sea thundering at the base and hurtling the spray sky high. We

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couldn't see a landing-place anywhere, nor any sign of human habitation or a living thing, and we had a hard task to keep the little boat before the wind. As we approached East Cape the cliffs grew higher and more precipitous. They were of lava formation.

Eventually we dodged under the lee of East Cape, where we were safe from the gale once more. However, Easter Island is triangular in shape and while we were safe from the gale we had practically no shelter from the swell and sea. I attempted to go further north, but the wind and sea drove us back, and in our deplorable physical condition we were glad to go back and under the lee of East Cape, lay to our oars again all day and night and wait for the gale to subside.

At dawn on the morning of the 24th—Tuesday—the wind abating, we pulled with what little strength we had along the coast, looking for a beach. The land is not so high in this direction, but we could see no landing until about eight A. M. we saw a little cove or inlet. We poked in gingerly and saw a beach about a hundred yards deep, sloping steeply up to the foot of the high bluff, but the beach was cov-

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ered with big boulders and figuring a landing there entirely out of the question we started to pull further up the coast. But the wind and sea were against us, and at last I realized that we had reached the limit of our endurance. We were too weak to fight any longer, so I turned back to this little cove and in desperation ran for the beach. We went flying in on the crest of a huge breaker that swept us far up the beach, and, fortunately, deposited us rather gently among the spume-swept boulders. We went overboard and eased her up the beach by hand on the dead water of the next breaker, hauled her up so she wouldn't get mauled and—

No, we did NOT sit down to rest. After the first desperate effort to save the boat and our few miserable belongings we found we were unable to walk. Our feet were swollen to a size eighteen, so we stretched out on our bellies in the wet sand and had a nice rest. When we moved we crawled on our hands and knees, groaning and protesting, and looking for all the world like gigantic sick crabs. But we were ashore at last after eleven days in that open boat, and oh, I can't tell you how good it felt. When we tried to stand erect we floundered

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around like sea-birds on a ship's deck, for the motion of the sea was still in our brains.

After sprawling around for a few hours and eating a double ration of our condensed milk-soda-cracker slop, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johansen, although their feet were in bad condition, decided to look for help. We had to find some sort of human habitation, for some of us, myself included, could not walk at all. The two mates managed to climb the bluff, and after they had gone some hours I picked out four of the strongest of the crew and had them drag the boat higher up the beach and prepare a shelter for us in a small cave in the base of the bluff. Here we were sheltered from the rain and wind, and as it was not cold we did not suffer particularly except from hunger and pain. We used up the last of our water and grub, and then six of the men endeavored to scale the bluff. I was afraid to trust to the two mates finding help in time, and help we had to have, for two of the men and myself were unable to walk at all.

Four of the crew managed to reach the top of the bluff, but the other two were forced to roll and slide back to the beach. We spent the



ANCIENT STATUARY, EASTER ISLAND

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night in our cave safe from rain and gale, although the poor devils on top of the island put in a fearful night, stumbling along through the storm, falling over lava rocks, crawling on all fours. There were no trails, but plenty of lava rocks. However the sight of many domestic cattle and sheep, indicating a habitation somewhere on the island, cheered them on and finally, twenty-four hours after leaving the beach, Wilson and Johansen came to the only settlement on the island. They had made nearly fourteen miles through the underbrush and lava beds and they were in a frightful condition upon arrival.

About nine o'clock the following morning as we were huddled in our cave we heard a great racket on top of the bluff, so we crawled out for a look-see. We saw a party of ten Kanakas coming down the cliffs very rapidly and their horses on top of the bluff. The Kanakas addressed us in Spanish, and as I speak a little Spanish, having run for many years to Chilean and Mexican ports, I managed to tell them we would have to have assistance up the cliff. With a Kanaka on each side of us we were

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finally hauled, pushed and carried up that bluff and lifted on to saddle-horses.

There is a universal belief that a sailor loves to ride horseback. Not this sailor—then. I thought I was seated on that hard thwart in the boat again! We made a journey of thirteen miles to the westward to the residence of Mr. P. Edmonds, an English gentleman and the only white man on the island. He dwells at Hanga-piko. On our way to Mr. Edmonds' establishment we passed through the native village of Hanga Roa, or Cook's Bay, where the news that shipwrecked sailors had arrived at the island created great excitement. We were given a deal of handshaking and enthusiastic congratulations in Spanish, with here and there a word of English.

It was dark by the time we reached Mr. Edmond's residence. Like all Englishmen he has a name for his house. It is called "Mataveri." He received us very kindly, indeed, and had a good meal spread for us. It was the first "square" in thirteen days and we "licked our platters clean."

According to Mr. Edmonds we were the first shipwrecked crew coming in a ship's boat to

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land on Easter Island. What with such medical attention as he was able to afford us, coupled with good food and plenty of it, we were soon on the high road to recovery, for while we had had very little food during the eleven days in the open boat, what we had had was very nourishing. Had it not been for those thirty-eight cans of soup I found in the locker on the El Dorado we could never have survived. Me for soup hereafter.

By the way, speaking of soup, I met a fly American in Manga Reva who pleaded with me with tears in his eyes to tell him the brand of that soup and make an affidavit that it was that certain brand. I wondered what he was up to at the time, but I have since been assured that he doubtless planned to write a brief little story of my cruise, use the affidavit, and sell it to the manufacturer of the soup for an advertisement. I had a detailed story of the cruise written up in the El Dorado's log book by that time, and how that fellow did plead for a copy of the log, or even a look at it. But I was suspicious of the lubber, for some reason. He was too insistent, and I wouldn't tell him anything. A writing man to whom I showed my log said I

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would be a lobster to part with my soup rights. Soup manufacturers please take notice.

While I am on the subject of rights I might state that I ran into another man in Tahiti who wanted to swindle me out of my watch rights. Oh, yes, I have some watch rights. Remember, when I left the El Dorado I had no chronometer and was rather badly off as a navigator. All I had was the knowledge that Easter Island lay in latitude $27^{\circ} 10'$ south, and I ran down the latitude and then steered east until I found the island, which was easy because I was lucky. But after three months on Easter Island, with no signs of ever leaving it, I discovered that I was a hopeless old sailor. I got nervous and I simply had to go to sea again! I sailed from Easter Island in my ship's boat sixteen hundred miles to Manga Reva, in the Gambier group, and nine hundred miles further from Manga Riva to Tahiti, but you bet I had a chronometer then—and I slept nights. I did as nice a bit of navigation as ever I did in my life with an American watch of a brand that you can buy in any jewelry store for about fifteen dollars! The writer man who conned me on the soup says I had better retain my watch rights also. Appar-

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ently there are several ways of making money that a sailor never dreams of, so if any watch manufacturer wants to brag to the world that his watch is as good as a chronometer, I can make affidavit that a certain American-made watch was used by me as a chronometer for twenty-five hundred miles and I lifted port both times as accurately as if I had the finest instrument in the world.

I had an interesting visit of one hundred and five days on Easter Island. From all I have been able to learn the island was discovered by a Dutch admiral, one Ruggevein, on Easter Sunday, 1721. Cook and La Perouse both visited the island subsequently, and in 1825 Captain Beache, of H. M. S. Blossom surveyed it. It was surveyed again by officers of the Chilean government in 1870. It was formally annexed to Chile in July, 1888, and in August, 1899, when visited by H. M. S. Cormorant, the inhabitants comprised the Chilean governor and seven other Chileanos, together with 180 natives. It had then a large stock of cattle, sheep, pigs and horses—also poultry, mostly running wild.

The island is volcanic and possesses a number of extinct craters, none of which have been

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active for many years. Scattered all over the island are ancient colossal statues, sculptured in lava by the prehistoric inhabitants of the island. Of the vanished race who carved these huge statues nothing is known by the present inhabitants. I am unable to judge of the significance of these statues, but it certainly is mighty interesting to come across them in the wilderness of that most isolated of islands. Since it is 2030 miles from the coast of Chile and 1500 miles from the nearest inhabited island, with the exception of Pitcairn, what interested me was the problem of how, in such an isolated position, the island ever became inhabited. I am constrained to think that perhaps a thousand years ago some Kanaka skipper with his family busted my record for a small boat voyage. That isn't a hard record to beat, but I imagine he didn't stock up for the voyage, but arrived unexpectedly, as it were, and so I would like to know what brand of soup he used! And what did he do for a sea anchor in a blow. Something seems to tell me he hove one of his wives overboard and trailed her with a rope bent around her amidships.

Until the visit of H. M. S. Sappho in 1882

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there was a vague native tradition to the effect that the original inhabitants had come in a large canoe from Rapa Island, which does not seem probable to a sailor. Rapa lies 1900 miles to west'ard and no canoe could navigate that distance against the usual trade winds. Mr. Alexander Salmon, the agent for the British commercial house of the Maison Brander, of Tahiti, who speaks the native language fluently, furnishes a more reliable account of native tradition on the subject.

The belief is general that originally they came from the east'ard in two canoes provisioned with yams, taro, etc. The old king (by name Hutu Metua, which means "Prolific Father") came in one canoe and the queen in the other. On making the island they separated, passing around in opposite directions and meeting again at Anakena on the north side. There they landed and settled on Mount Hatu-iti, where they built the stone houses and carved the great stone statues now to be seen there, although the first statue was not completed until fifty years after the landing.

The original name of the island was Tapito Tenua (land in the middle of the sea). In 1863

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some Peruvian blackbirders came to the island and carried a number of the inhabitants off to work in the guano beds on the coast islands. Of course the poor devils never came back. The following year some Catholic missionaries came to the island, at which time the population was estimated at 1500. As is always the case with aboriginal people, they commenced to fade away under the white man's dominion and in 1867 only 900 remained. In 1878 the Maison Brander, which had been trading with the island for some years, very kindly removed 500 of the inhabitants to work on their sugar plantations at Tahiti and purchased the property of the missionaries on Easter Island. The missionaries then removed, with about 300 converts, to Manga Reva, so that at the time of the Sappho's visit there were only about 150 left. At the time of my visit there in 1913 there were less than one hundred inhabitants left, and these lived in terror of the thought that some day they may be removed from the island. The poor devils have been cruelly exploited. They somewhat resemble the Marquesas, being very light complexioned, and rather good-looking. The women, particularly, are very handsome.

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The statues to which I refer are scattered all over the island and range in size from five to thirty-seven feet high, the average height being from fifteen to eighteen feet. They are carved from a gray compact lava found in the crater of Hatu-iti, where there are still many in an unfinished state. I guess the missionaries butted in.

The island has been leased by the Chilean government to one Julio Marlet as a stock ranch. Water is scarce, but at the back of the Mission House at Hanga Roa there is a spring known as Puna Pau (the unfailing spring). It is a curious fact that when a heavy swell prevails on the westward side of the island the waters in this spring rise perceptibly, although remaining perfectly fresh.

The Englishman, Edmonds, was the representative of Julio Marlet. In reality he was the King of Easter Island. He owns everybody and everything, and seems sane but contented. He was very kind to us and I appreciate it, but I wondered how a white man could live on Easter Island, year in and year out, with never any news of the world he was born in. Only an Englishman could do it. I suppose by the

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time my friend Edmonds is fifty years old he will be worth a little money, and then he'll sail home to Merrie England and find himself out of touch with the world. Then he'll buy a house and build a high stone wall around it and live inside and take a great deal of enjoyment from the sign on the gate: "Private Grounds. Keep Out. Beware of the Dog."

It was fully three weeks after our landing before we were in good condition again. I was pretty fit by that time. I had lost about twenty pounds on the trip. It will be a year or two before some of the men are in condition again, however. Two of them, Carlson and Tassaman, nearly lost their minds. Carlson suffered worst, for when we abandoned the El Dorado he got into the boat with no clothing other than a cotton shirt and a pair of dungarees, and it was mid-winter in the South Pacific. Poor Carlson contracted the shakes in the boat and continued to shake for a week after landing. But a sailor is hard to kill and a Scandinavian sailor hardest of all, and the men all pulled through finally.

Well, as soon as we were fit again, what did Wilson and Johansen and I do but go horseback riding. We lived with Mr. Edmonds, while the

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crew occupied the deserted Mission House at the native village at Cook's Bay, about a mile and a half from Mataverí. We had all the horses we desired, and took our pick of a fine lot of saddlers. It was a great novelty to us and we enjoyed it immensely. We explored the island, which is about twenty-nine miles in circumference, and observed everything of interest. I cannot begin to tell you of them, because of lack of space, but I will tell you of one of the most interesting things we observed, and that was that our crew had moved down from the Mission House, and although the men could not speak Spanish (which the natives speak fluently), and the natives couldn't speak English or Norse, that was no bar to the courtship. I suppose a fellow who isn't fond of horseback riding and exploration gets lonesome on Easter Island, and as Mr. Wilson remarked to me, morals are largely a matter of geography. At any rate every sailor had a wife. As a sea captain I might have married the rascals, but Edmonds told me there was no marriage or giving in marriage on the island, and a stranger was always welcome.

There is an abundance of food on the island,

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money is unknown, the aborigines have left many fine stone houses, there is no high cost of living, and those boys of mine should worry, eh? There was mutton, beef, fowls, pigs, taro, yams, sweet potatoes and a lot of truck, and we all stacked on flesh rapidly. The Jap cook snaffled out the village belle, although I believe I have remarked previously on the enterprise of this fellow. He had a nice house built of lava blocks, with a thatched roof, and to see that Jap stretched at his ease on the floor while his light o' love did the cooking was a picture of perfect domestic bliss.

We had been on the island about two months, when Edmonds invited us to the round-up of his cattle. That was fine, and we enjoyed it so much. There were twenty-four of us on horseback and we combed the island from one end to the other, finally converging toward a huge corral. We rounded up about two thousand head, and had to do a lot of hard riding. If I had my life to live over again I'd be a cowboy. Life on the hurricane deck of a horse is great, and while at Easter Island I learned to throw a lasso passing well.

After the round-up life settled back into the

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old hum-drum rut, and I began to get tired of Easter Island. No vessel had called and while we had sighted a few steamers they had been too far off to communicate with. There was a possibility that we might remain there a year before a vessel would call for the accumulated wool and hides, and the more I thought of this indefinite delay the less it appealed to me. It was getting on toward the first of September and with the winter practically over I felt that I could make the run to Tahiti (2,500 miles) in my ship's boat. I spoke to Edmonds about it and at first he thought I was crazy, but finally he saw I was serious and like a good fellow he promised to do everything possible to aid me. So I started to prepare for the voyage. I had made up my mind that if no vessel touched at the island by the first of October I would set sail in the ship's boat.

Having made up my mind, I felt relieved at once, and gladly entered into the task of rounding up the sheep. I learned a lot about sheep on that round-up. A sheep is an awful fool animal, and those on Easter Island were a poor lot. They were dying off very rapidly with rot and scabies. We sheared them and dipped them,

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and wrestled 'em around in a pond and had a bully time. We lost a lot of lambs on the way to the shearing camp, but that didn't seem to make any difference in the amount of noise. It was awful, their blatting; I wanted to be at sea and at peace again. We rounded up the wild horses later and that is one of the grandest outdoor sports I know of.

The Mission House in Easter Island lies exactly in latitude 27-10 south, longitude 109-26 west. With this information it is easy for any navigator to figure out to a second the exact Greenwich time at Easter Island. I did this and borrowed a watch from Mr. Edmonds. At exactly noon I set this watch and my own and every day at 4 p. m. when I took my observation I rated both watches. I did this for thirty days, and discovered that they were both excellent timepieces, one in particular being absolutely accurate. The other varied a few seconds daily, but I rated it carefully and could make a corresponding allowance for its variations. It lost about half a second daily.

I then had my boat brought around to the landing at Cook's Bay, overhauled and inspected it carefully and prepared for my start right after

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the round-up. I had several problems besetting me, the principal one of which was fire. There were no matches on the island, so I had to learn the native trick of making fire by rubbing two sticks together, this method being, with white men, a first aid to insanity. Eventually I got the knack of it, however, as did Drinkwater and Simonour, the two men I had persuaded to accompany me. Not being sailors they agreed to take a chance. Wilson and Johansen, being sailors, flatly refused to be party to such a crazy expedition. Ignorance is always bliss.

Down on the beach I found a little empty ten gallon steel oil drum. I cut it in half, retaining the half with the bottom. Then I cut a little square hole in the side of this section, and bent four pieces of scrap iron to form a sort of cage that hung half way down from the top of the drum which it gripped around the edge. Into this little cage I could lower a pot and make a fire under it by poking small fuel through the hole I had cut in the side of the drum. When it was finished I had a fine little galley range for my boat.

Next I filled my water kegs and put on an extra supply of water, stored a lot of wood for

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fuel under the little half-deck forward, where it would be dry and made good watertight receptacles for my supplies. Edmonds had a steer killed and we jerked the meat, loaded up with sweet potatoes (the most extraordinarily delicious big sweet potatoes I have ever seen, by the way), taro, eggs and a big side of bacon and some potatoes. The natives crowded around us during our preparations and wept that we should be so obstinate, for assuredly we should die en route. However, I had no such fear. With summer coming on I was assured of fair weather and good winds, while with but three men in the boat, when we had ridden out a hurricane with eleven, we would have plenty of freeboard.

On the morning of the 6th of October, as I was winding up my perfect watch, the main-spring broke. It was a great disappointment to me, but as I had the other left and had rated it carefully, it was not such a disaster after all. I had planned to leave that day, but it was blowing so strong I decided to lie over, but the following day at noon we bade good-by to our good friends Edmonds and our fellows who were staying behind, and shoved off. Off Cook's Harbor we hoisted our sails, and with a spank-



GROUP OF NATIVES, EASTER ISLAND

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ing little S. E. breeze at our tail we were off. The entire population waved us good-by until we were out of sight. Just before dusk Easter Island dipped below the horizon and we were committed to the enterprise.

I had started one day after the first quarter of the moon, for I had no matches, lamp nor oil and had to depend upon the moonlight to read the compass and steer. There were none of these necessities on Easter Island. The little boat leaped ahead at a great rate, tossing and jumping so she nearly made me seasick after my hundred and five days ashore. It was a great change from horseback riding, and poor Drinkwater was overcome and fed the fishes for quite a while. He was all right by morning, however, and I was all wrong. As I looked around at the only thing I have known intimately for thirty years—a wide sea and an unbroken skyline, I was appalled by a most terrible loneliness. I missed Easter Island, for it had been good to me and I loved it.

I laid my course directly for Manga Riva in the Gambier group. It was 1,600 miles distant. At eight o'clock we had breakfast. Tried to dodge the firestick by using a sun-glass to start

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a flame, but while the sun was strong the boat jumped so we couldn't concentrate, and the demon firestick claimed us in the end. Simoneur managed to get a flame finally and we had bacon and eggs.

Up to October 12th we made splendid progress. On the 13th it clouded up, the wind freshened and it rained, and about ten o'clock that night we had a terrific thunder-storm with lightning. We were in for another of those infernal gales and shipped a good deal of water in the heavy seas until it commenced to rain furiously, and that kept the big cross seas down. I took in the spreadsail and ran before it with just the jib spread as a sort of square sail all night. I was getting my old sea anchor out next morning, preparing to heave to, when the wind moderated and the gale was over by ten a. m. We had fine weather until the 18th, when we ran into another gale that lasted forty hours with continued heavy rain, and about wore us out. I had the sea anchor out most of the time, with the jib set as a squaresail. During the night God was good. A big ball of St. Elmo's fire appeared for company at the tip of our little mast, and made fair light for steering.

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From the 18th to the 23d we had good weather and made splendid progress, reaching Manga Reva on the latter date. We were a hard-looking trio—sun-baked and half naked. No “Weary Willie” ever looked half so bad as I. We had made the run in sixteen days, an average of one hundred miles a day. As we approached Rikitea, the village and principal port of Manga Reva, a swarm of surprised natives came out in canoes and jabbered questions which we could not answer.

The French authorities there and a Captain Hoffman, an old trader, took us in hand and made much of us. We were fed and clothed and cleaned up and stayed there two days—just long enough to stretch our legs and take on water and provisions. The people couldn’t do enough for us. On the 25th of October, however, we bade these kind people good-by and shaped our course for Tahiti. I had no worries, for my chronometer watch had proved correct and apparently the rate I had given it at Easter Island—a loss of half a second daily—was still correct.

We knocked around in a calm for half a day and then lit out. Knowing I would experience

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light winds I had taken the precaution to make another spread sail at Manga Reva, and it proved to be a great help. We made the nine hundred mile run to Tahiti without incident in eleven days, unless I count an adventure with a huge man-eating shark and a sword-fish.

This shark was a neighborly fellow, about sixteen feet long. He picked us up off Manga Reva and followed along like a pet dog. He would come alongside, rise to the surface, roll over on his back and look up at us and eye us in the friendliest way imaginable. Sometimes he scraped our boat a little roughly, and after he had followed us about forty miles I got tired of his society. He was making me nervous and I couldn't tell what minute he might take a notion to juggle our little boat. Several times he swam under us and we could feel the keel of the boat on the brute's back.

Finally I got a large marlinespike, sharpened the end of it and lashed it on an oar, and the next time Mr. Shark rose alongside and gave us the once-over I harpooned him right through his mild appraising eye. I think I got to his brain. He gave a splash and departed in great haste and we didn't see him any more.



CAPT. N. P. BENSON SHOWING HIS GALLEY RANGE TO PASSENGERS ON S. S. MOANA

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Just before we reached Tahiti a huge sword-fish, pursuing smaller fish, took to darting backward and forward under our boat, his big six-foot sword grazing us time and time again. He kept that up for nearly two hours. I expected to be scuttled any moment. Finally he gave it up and left, and on the fifth day of November we pulled into the beautiful harbor of Tahiti, beached our little boat and went up to pay our respects to the American consul. He placed us in a hotel as the guest of my adopted Uncle Sam. Three weeks later we embarked on the steamer Moana for San Francisco, arriving on Friday morning, December 5th, 1913. I brought my little boat along too. It belonged to my owners, Messrs. Sanders & Kirchman, and when I turned over to them the only piece of salvage from the El Dorado they told me to keep it for a souvenir. The El Dorado had been listed as missing and they had collected the insurance and had another ship waiting for me. I suppose some day I'll go back, but at present I'm taking a little vacation and seeing the moving-pictures.

That's about all of my yarn, except that a British steamer touched in at Easter Island ■

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few months after I left, and took off the remainder of the crew. They were landed in Sydney, Australia. In Sydney at the time of their arrival there was a lime-juicer bound for Puget Sound, and I note by a clipping from a Port Townsend newspaper, sent me by a friend up there, that there was a sad scene on Easter Island when the crew finally left.

You know what a sailor is. Sweetheart in every port and all that sort of thing. He ups hook and away and it doesn't bother him any, but it appears there was something doing before the belles of Hanga Roa would let them go. It is stated (a sailor from the before-mentioned lime-juicer brings the tale to Puget Sound as 'twas told to him) that the chief of the Easter Islanders refused to grant a wholesale divorce to my fellows without alimony, and before they were permitted to embark on the British steamer, her skipper had to take pity on my crew and pay the alimony.

He gave each lady a bar of highly-scented, cheap, castile soap with red streaks in it—the kind they use in the second cabins.

Ship ahoy!

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Main h

